FORTUNE's TRICKS

IN

Forty-Six.

AN

Allegorical Satire.

Fortuna in omni Re dominatur.

SALLUST.

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TO

HIS GRACE

THE

DUKE of *BEDFORD*.

My Lord,

WHEN retired from the more tumultuous Scenes of Life in Town to your calmer Moments at *Woburn*, your Grace, or I greatly miſtake, frequently amuſes yourſelf, and Com-

pany, that happen to be there, with the private Repreſentation of ſome well-choſen Play from our Drama, in which you ſhine with equal Advantage in your fictitious Character, as you do in your real one.

This gave Riſe to the Piece I now have the Honour to addreſs to your Grace: When I laid the Scene at *Caſtle Briton*, I had my Eye on *Wooburn Abbey*; and if the Novelty of the Subject ſhould raiſe any pleaſing Senſation in your Grace, I ſhall have my End, and I hope my Excuſe.

In Addreſſes of this kind, it is uſual to paint very high, and ſometimes even to Fulſomeneſs-----For my Part, I ſhall only ſay on this Occaſion, ſince I have known any thing of the RUSSEL Family by our Annals, I have ever conceived the

the profoundeſt Veneration for it; and while I ſee the ſame Reaſon to continue it in your Grace, I muſt ever profeſs my ſelf, with the higheſt Regard,

May it pleaſe your GRACE,

Your Grace's moſt Obedient,

And moſt Humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Lord HEARTY,	In the Character of	*Reaſon.*
Sir WILLIAM DIFFIDENT,		*Merit.*
Mr. STANZA,		Author *Odwit.*
Lord GEORGE,		*Templeman,* } *His*
Lord JOHN,		*Staples,* } *Friends.*
Lady HEARTY,		*Juſtice.*
Lady BETTY RATTLE,		Lady *Fortune.*
Miſs QUERE,		Madam *Curioſity.*

Two Gentlemen —— FAVOR —— FAME.

Incidental Characters, Suiters to Fortune.

Jupiter—King of *France*—Queen of *Spain*—Don *Philip*—Don *Lewis*—Rebel Lord—*Lobby*—Lord *Bauble*—Capt. *Buff*—Two Clergymen—Sir *Simon Adverſon*, and two young Clergymen, with a young Woman—Lawyer *Doodle*—Dr. *Drugwell*—Soldier—Two Sailors—Poltroon—Rake—Servant—Upſtart—Time—Smugler and Lord—— Luckleſs—Prime Miniſter—Creatures—Mob—Officer—Madman.

Several Contraſts, Men and Women, croſs the Stage.

SCENE, *Caſtle Briton.*

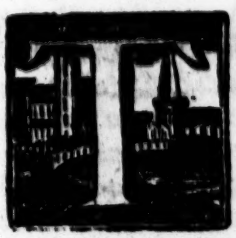
Lord *Hearty*'s Seat.

INTRODUCTION.

SCENE, The Avenue to *Caſtle Briton*.

Enter TWO GENTLEMEN.

1ſt Gent.



HAN *Caſtle Briton* I know not a more delightful Situation, where Nature and Art vye with each other in beauteous Emulation.

2d Gent. And what renders it ſtill more ſo, is the courteous Manner in which the Noble Owner receives his Gueſts — Ever hoſpitable, and ſtudious to make his Houſe a Scene of innocent Gayety, and ingenious Pleaſure.

1ſt Gent. Pray what may be the Scheme of Diverſion now going forward? For, as you ſay, the Temper of Lord *Hearty* is ſuch, he provides Entertainment for the Mind, as well as the Body.

2d Gent. True—His Lordſhip having propos'd a Play to be acted for the Amuſement of the numerous brilliant Company now aſſembled at his Lordſhip's from all Parts of the Country, and Mr. *Stanza* being of the Number (who, you know, has a very pretty Genius for Poetry) his Lordſhip was pleaſed to lay his Commands upon him to give them a Specimen of his Talents in the Dramatick Way——and accordingly

cordingly he has chosen for his Subject, an allegorical, satirical Piece, by Way of Rehearsal, call'd, *Fortune's Tricks in Forty-six.*

1st Gent. In which, I suppose, the Company are all to bear a Part?

2d Gent. All that are so disposed——Mr. *Stanza* of Course do's the *Author*——Lord *George*, and Lord *John* do his *Friends*——Lady *Betty Rattle*, having many of the Attributes of *Fortune* in her Composition, plays that wavering Goddess——Her Admirer, Sir *William Diffident*, appears in the Character of Mr. *Merit*——Lord *Hearty* and his Lady, are *Reason* and *Justice*——The ever inquisitive Miss *Quere* acts Madam *Curiosity*——In a Word, all the Parts are perform'd to the best Advantage, and with all the Decorations this Place is capable of—They are just going to begin—So if you care to be one of the Audience, I'll shew you the Way.

1st Gent. I'm oblig'd to you—Sir—I follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Stage.

Enter PROLOGUE.

In the Character of FAVOR.

GEntlemen and Ladies, I am one of the chief Attendants upon *Fortune* (my Name is *Favor*) and come by way of Prologue to acquaint you, that in Imitation of other Gods and Goddesses, who have not disdain'd to tread the Stage, as Actors and Actresses, her Ladyship (for she waves her Title of Goddesship, as being less familiar to you) thinks fit to grace the comick Scene to Night, in which, if she displays the universal Power she has over Mankind, she at the same time takes care to temper it with Moral, Satire, Contrast,

Wit

Wit and Humour—Otherwiſe it would not have been an Entertainment worthy of this bright Circle.

As you therefore prize her Ladyſhip's Friendſhip, or mine; as you expect to be ſucceſsful in Love, or War; or hope to riſe in Church, or State; or in a Word, would be proſperous by Sea, or Land; ſhe commands me to tell you, ſhe expects you will give her a fair and candid Hearing, without any Mixture of Partiality, which is at once the Weakneſs and Diſgrace of the human Underſtanding — Methinks I hear ſome ſay — Pray who has more Partiality than Lady *Fortune* herſelf? You muſt not judge of the Actions of Deities, as you wou'd of human Actions — Very often what ſeems Partial to you in Them, is the deepeſt Wiſdom, which your Short-ſightedneſs hinders you from diſcovering———But to return to the remaining Part of my Charge———

Moreover ſhe bids me tell you, as her Quality of Goddeſs gives her to know, that this Piece is much too tart to paſs that Court of Inquiſition upon Wit, I mean my Lord *Chamberlain's Office*, and cou'd not hope to be repreſented on any Stage, but here at *Caſtle Briton*, ſhe makes it an additional Condition of her Smiles, that you do all that in you lye to propagate the Sale of the Copy when printed, that People may not only ſay *Fortune* has Power in general, but likewiſe ſee particularly on whom her Power actuates!

And now having finiſh'd my Commiſſion, I leave you, Gentlemen and Ladies, to your Curioſity, Pleaſure, and Freedom of Judgment. [*Exit* Prol.

Enter ODWIT, TEMPLEMAN, *and* STAPLES.

Od. SO much for the Prologue — And now my Friends, I pray give me your impartial Opinion of my Performance—I deſire no Favour look you.

Tem. Without Flattery, Mr. *Odwit*, by the general Idea

you have already been giving us of it, I know not any Thing in the Dramatick Records like it.

Stap. Nor I — 'Tis a perfect *Columbus* Diſcovery in the Regions of Wit, whereby a new Vein of Satire is open'd; and I dare ſay, if it was to be acted at one of the Houſes in *London*, it would have a *Run*, as the Saying is.

Od. Without Vanity, Mr. *Staples*, I think ſo too——Well — what are our Poets about! Shame on their Inventions! Were I to write for the Stage, I ſhould be above giving the Town the Trouble to come, and ſee a beaten Subject——No — no — no — I would not be one of the Muſe's Pack-Horſes, that dully jogs on in the common Track — I wou'd rather write nothing at all, than not write ſomething new.

Tem. You're perfectly in the Right—Novelty has an irreſiſtible Charm in it.

Od. I know it, Mr. *Templeman*——But come, come, Compliments apart—It's time to proceed to Buſineſs—The Audience, I ſee, are impatient — [*Going to the Entrance*] Let the Prompter begin aſſoon as he pleaſes, if he is ready—— Gentlemen, Do you chuſe to ſit? [*They ſit.*] You muſt know, I open with a very novel Scene, namely, *Reaſon*, *Juſtice*, and *Merit*, petitioning *Jupiter* — Come — come — change the Scene.

Scene draws, and diſcovers Jupiter *ſuſpended in Clouds*; Reaſon, Juſtice, *and* Merit *proſtrate before him.*

Jup. At the lov'd Voice of *Reaſon*, *Juſtice*, *Merit*,
From our celeſtial Regions, lo! we come
To hear your Grievances, if you have any,
And willing to redreſs them, if We may.
Riſe then, and with permitted Freedom ſpeak. [*They riſe.*

Rea. Oh, Father of the Gods, and King of Men! Be it known to mighty Jove, that to the great Diſgrace of their Divine Original, ſuch a Degeneracy has diffus'd itſelf among Mankind, that we your Petitioners, *Reaſon*, *Juſtice*, and *Merit*, are in a manner become Cyphers in the World, and exiſt little more than in Name. We are ſorry to ſay it, but it is too melancholy a Truth, that there is ſcarce one

Tranſ-

Tranſaction in a Thouſand but what abounds with Abſurdity: Not one Trial in Twenty is decided without manifeſt Partiality; nor one Preferment in a Hundred beſtow'd, where Worthleſſneſs is not the apparent Motive.

In order therefore, that Abſurdity, Partiality, and Worthleſſneſs may have no Countenance from us, We, your too-much-neglected Petitioners, moſt ardently beſeech your Empyreal Majeſty, ſince ſo little Uſe is made of us, to permit us inſtantly to leave the World,

And your Petitioners, as in Duty bound,
Shall ever pray.

Tem. Ha, ha, ha! And your Petitioners, as in Duty bound, ſhall ever pray!

Step. A moſt methodical Concluſion!

Ora. Ay — you ſee I am an Obſerver of Forms — But we interrupt *Jupiter*.

Jup. Your Allegations are, alas! too juſt,
But your Requeſt annext impracticable.
Without o'erturning Nature's faultleſs Syſtem.
Long have we wail'd with you the glaring Evil;
But know, the Remedy is not in us;
The Cauſe of this Depravity is Fortune,
And only ſhe can the Effects remove.
To her repair then—and Succeſs await you. [*Jupiter riſes.*

Rea. Come—let us put *Jupiter*'s Advice in Execution, and away to Lady *Fortune*'s, Madam *Juſtice*.

Juſ. With all my Heart, Mr. *Reaſon*.—You have long offer'd up your Vows to her, Mr. *Merit*.—May I hope ſhe proves propitious at laſt?

Mer. Rather deafer than ever, Madam——I have therefore determin'd, ſince ſhe ſo wantonly perſiſts in ſmiling at all my Vows, to give her for the future as little Opportunity to laugh at me as poſſible.

Rea. A manly Reſolution, and worthy of you——'Tis your wiſeſt Courſe to think no more of her——'Tis enough your Name is *Merit* to uſe you ill——She has inſulted over your eaſy Nature too long——And ſo I will not ſpare to tell her.

Mer. I am much obliged to you, and ſhall wait with Impatience to hear the Reſult of your Interview. Your moſt obedient,

Rea. *Jusqu'a revoir.* [*Exeunt formally.*

Cu. You see, Gentlemen, I make no Perſon appear without due Preparation.—My next Scene is Madam *Curioſity*'s Viſit to Lady *Fortune*, in which I have drawn their Characters at full Length.—And you may ſuppoſe, what between the Impertinence of the one, and the Wantonneſs of the the other, the World will be finely laid open.—Come, come, change the Scene to *Fortune*'s Palace.

SCENE changes to *Fortune*'s Palace.

[*Fame* flies cross the Stage ſounding her Trumpet.

There goes *Fame*, the Fore-runner of *Fortune*, who is diſpatching her on a ſecret Expedition.—Oh—here comes her Ladyſhip, with Madam *Curioſity*.

Enter FORTUNE *and* CURIOSITY.

For. You could not have call'd upon me, Madam *Curioſity*, in a more lucky Moment.—I'm perfectly in the Humour to gratify your every Wiſh.—And I think I ſhall be able to ſhew you ſome odd Figures and Contraſts, that I flatter myſelf will not be diſpleaſing.

Curi. Dear Lady *Fortune*, you're very good to ſatisfy the Impatience of my inquiſitive Temper.—And Firſt, I am dying to know more of your extraordinary Character.—If I miſtake not, you are never ſo much delighted as when you are playing ſome unlucky Trick, or other, in the World?

For. Never.—I'm the Humour, I confeſs, draws on me many a ſcurvy Appellation from the ſufferers, ſometimes by prefixing an equivocal Monoſyllable to my Name, and imagining they are reveng'd on me, by calling me *Miſs-Fortune*; at other times, by adding another Epithet only proper to be uſed to a Dog.

Curi. There's nothing more common.—When the Pretty Fellows about Town find themſelves devoured by the real Fires of modern Love, and are at a Loſs to which

Lady

Lady Errant out of a Hundred to attribute the Present, they generally ascribe it to you, I am told, by the polite Phrase of—*Damn'd Miss-Fortune!* which Indignity, I suppose, you take care to retaliate.

For. No, my Dear—We must allow losing Gamesters their ancient Privilege of railing.—Tho' I scarce believe either That, or their Puns, will satisfy their Surgeons, to whom I am a bountiful Benefactress under that Title.—And if these latter have any Taste, or Gratitude, they must necessarily inscribe their Hall they are erecting to me, as that same *Miss-Fortune* may be consider'd as the chief Contributor to it.

Cur. That's true—but Lard let's have done with these filthy Wretches, and return to the more agreeable Topick concerning yourself —— I think your Ladyship is mighty fond of Extremes!

For. 'Tis a favorite Pleasure, Madam—I keep the two great Springs of Happiness and Misery, Joy and Grief, in perpetual Rotation: When I see People in the highest Raptures of Transport, I presently take them down, by throwing in their Way an equal Degree of Mortification; or when again I have reduced them to the lowest Ebb of Wretchedness, I unexpectedly relieve them by some pleasing Exaltation.

Curi. Well, you are charmingly whimsical!

For. Nor am I less capricious; giving very often that, for Nothing to one Person, which has cost Another a deal of Plague to obtain to no Purpose.

Curi. What refin'd Pleasure!

For. But here comes my superlative Delight, Madam.

Curi. O Lard! what's That?

For. Why, in giving different Success to the same Thing; that is, in conferring indifferently a Crown, or a Halter, [*Laugh.*

Curi. Or in raising, I suppose, a Creature from Nothing to the highest Pinnacle of human Glory!

For. Ay—And then in tumbling the Upstart head-long down into his former Obscurity. [*laugh.*] All to shew my Pow'r, and confound that formal Creature, *Reason.*

Curi.

Curi. Oh, 'tis a rigid Mortal, that's certain. But now your Ladyſhip talks of Power ——— ſhew me two Perſons, that have the Influence we boaſt in the World ——— You, Lady *Fortune*, command one Part of it, and I actuate the other.

For. Hold, dear Madam——be pleas'd to diſtinguiſh a little—— You poſſeſs indeed a Part of the Mind; but I engroſs the whole Soul ——— I am the *Primum Mobile* of Civil Society; and Goſpel, Law, Phyſick, and all the Purſuits of Life have me for their ultimate Object.

Curi. Nothing more true.

For. Without me there is no Reſpect, Wit, or Merit: Neither is any thing accounted Wiſdom, till I have ſtampt it with Succeſs.

Curi. True again.

For. How many Guilty Great, whom Madam *Juſtice* would have doom'd to the Block or Gallows, do I generouſly wreſt from her Severity, while a Puff of my Influence inclines her boaſted Ballance as I direct it! How many frightful Creatures of both Sexes, do I preſerve from the dreadful Calamity of Eternal Scorn and Neglect, by charitably putting them in the Way of anſwering the Ends of their Creation!

Curi. Undeniable!

For. Beſides all this, I am veſted with a Power tranſmutative: I make the Crimes of the Fortunate paſs for Foibles, and the Foibles of the Unfortunate paſs for Crimes: I can convert a Patriot into a Courtier, make a good Subject become a Rebel, and a Rebel a good Subject again: Nay more; I can make a Fool paſs for wiſe, convert Deformity into Beauty, Cowardice into Courage, and *ſo vice verſa*, according as They are, or are not in my good Graces.

Curi. All this I readily allow——But permit me to ſay, that general as your Power is, it is liable to Exception; for there have been People you know, my Dear, that have been Proof againſt all your Charms.

For. Oh, ay, *Diogenes* indeed, and ſome of the ſurly Ancients may have held me in Contempt——But ſhew me the Modern Philoſopher that will do ſo——

Curi.

Curi. I will not pretend to diſpute That with your Ladyſhip; but I will venture to ſay, that my Influence is general without Exception, and that there is no Body ſo Grave, no Body ſo Gay, no Body ſo Good, no Body ſo Bad, no Body ſo High, no Body ſo Low, no Body ſo Young, no Body ſo Old, no Body ſo Learned, and no Body ſo Unlearned, but what is actuated by me.

For. I allow your Prevalence; and that 'tis you that give Birth to the Sciences; but then, Madam, you muſt own I have the Direction of them, and that all the Productions of the Learned World owe their Merit to my Deciſions.

Curi. Granted, my Dear—But now I think on't, where's your Cozen *Favor* all this while?

For. Gone upon ſome trifling Errands—But I expect him back preſently——Oh—here he comes.

Enter FAVOR.

With Wings to his Shoulders.

Fav. I have been, Cozen, as you deſired, with Mr. *Worthleſs*, and all his Relations in Church and State, who receive your Love and Kindneſs with all imaginable Self-ſufficiency.

For. As I expected.

Curi. Pray, Mr. *Favor*, how go Promotions?

Fav. Never more ardently, nor more univerſally ſought after, Madam.

Curi. Here we have been talking of Influence —— Pray where do's your's diſplay itſelf?

Fav. The Court, Madam, is my grand Scene of Action — There you would be delighted to ſee me cring'd to, and fawn'd upon, from the Peer to the Member, from the Biſhop to the Chaplain, from the Judge to the Barriſter, from the General to the Subaltern, from the higheſt to the humbleſt Expectant reſorting to it. Nor would it be leſs pleaſant to ſee how liberal I am in my Promiſes, without ever intending to perform any—For you muſt know, Madam, I may promiſe any Thing, but can grant Nothing, till my-

my Cozen here, has been pleased to issue out her *Fiat*——— And then, 'tis ten to one but she orders me to fly to Another the Moment after.

Curi. Oh, bless me! where was my Eye-Sight! I did not observe those Wings before—Dear Lady *Fortune*, why that Hieroglyphick?

For. To shew how soon my Favors fly away.

Curi. Go, you inconstant Thing you——Well, but dear Creature, have you nothing new to entertain one with? Methinks the Conversation grows exhausted.

For. We'll soon supply it with fresh Matter, Madam——Cozen, has Proclamation been made, as I order'd, that all, who have any Concerns with us, may have Access?

Fat. It has—and the Avenues of your Palace are already crowded with Suitors of all Denominations.——

For. Good—I must leave the Decorum to your Care, to see that we have no Confusion——Madam, please to walk this Way.

Curi. I wait on your Ladyship with the utmost Impatience. [*Exeunt.*

Od. Well, Gentlemen, what think you of the Thing so far?

Temp. Why really, Mr. *Odwit*, I don't see what more cou'd be said on the Subject than hitherto has been.

Stap. Nor I, without precipitating Matters.

Od. You judge perfectly right, Gentlemen—I rise gradually to the strong Point of Humour and Satire propos'd, which you have seen only in Description, and which you will presently have in Personal Representation, by a motley Groupe of Votaries, invoking *Fortune*—Come, change the Scene to *Fortune*'s Court of Requests.

SCENE *changes to a large Hall, discovering* Fortune's *Statue, a Wheel, adorn'd with Crowns, Mitres, Fools Caps, Coronets, Seals, Garters, Commissions, Axes, Halters, and a promiscuous Crowd of People upon their Knees, offering up their Invocations to* Fortune, *viz.*

To

To *Fortune* our beſt Vows we pay:
Still as we riſe,
Or cloſe our Eyes,
In fervent Wiſhes thus we pray:
CHORUS.
Be propitious—Fortune's All
Earth-born Mortals Bliſs do call.

At her Altar Monarchs bend:
To each Degree
A Deity;
And thus all our Prayers we end:
CHORUS.
Be propitious, *&c.*

Enter REASON *and* JUSTICE.

Rea. See the motley Herd of *Fortune*'s Votaries——, Scorn we to bow the Knee to *Baal*.

[*Exeunt* Reaſon *and Juſtice.*

Juſ. Great Jove forbid!

Enter FAVOR.

[*Votaries riſe, crying out*—Favor—Favor—Favor.]

Fav. Hold—hold—May it pleaſe your Majeſties, and you Right Reverends and Reverends, Lords, Ladies, Gentle and Simple all, it is the Pleaſure of Lady *Fortune*, that you withdraw, and lay your Wants and Wiſhes before her one after another. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Od. Have not I brought a fine Parcel of People together!

Temp. As great a Variety as ever I ſaw on a Stage.

Stap. One wou'd wonder what they cou'd all want.

Od. That you will preſently hear in due Order.

Enter FORTUNE *and* CURIOSITY.

For. Here is my Hall of Audience, or Court of Requeſts, Madam—I hope you will find wherewith to employ your Speculations.

Curl. Bleſs me! what's all this! There is your Ladyſhip's *Idol* — your Wheel, adorn'd with Crowns — Mitres — Fools Caps — Coronets — Seals — Garters — Commiſſions — Axes — Halters — ha, ha, ha, very Emblematical! But where are the Votaries?

For. Have Patience, Madam.

Enter FAVOR.

Well, Cozen *Favor*, who demands Admittance?

Fav. Mr. *Reaſon*, with Madam *Juſtice*, who inſiſt upon being firſt admitted.

For. They ought to wait till the Laſt —— But for once give them their Humour. [*Exit* Favor.

Curl. *Reaſon* and *Juſtice*! Lard! what can they want? Now am I the wretcheſeſt Creature breathing till I know it.

Enter REASON *and* JUSTICE.

For. Mr. *Reaſon*, your Servant—Madam *Juſtice*, your's—What may your Commands be with me? But I can give a ſhrewd Gueſs——You are a Couple of ſuch ſevere Mortals, I muſt expect to hear nought but Complaints from you.

Rea. I hope, if we have any to exhibit, Madam, they are juſt.

For. Well——come——let's hear them.

Rea. Permit me, Madam, with all due Deference, to ſay, 'Tis you have introduced a general Diſſolution of Manners into the World, baniſh'd Virtue from our Senates, Religion from our Churches, rooted Luxury in all our Youth, and like Weeds to Land, by choaking the Growth of their Reaſon, let in a Torrent of Oſtentation, Ignorance, Self-ſufficiency, Pride and Arrogance, leaving no Room in the human Breaſt for that generous, ſocial Senſation, which was deſign'd as a Counter-balance to the unavoidable Diſparity and Subordination that muſt ever ſubſiſt among Mankind.

For. I told you we ſhou'd have a fine Lecture——Well, Madam *Juſtice*—what from you?

Juſ. I have the Misfortune, Madam, to lie under ſome hard Imputations from the World (I no ways deſerve) on your Score.

For. On my Score! as how?

Juſ. Unthinking People, Madam, are pleaſed to ſay, that I am no longer what I was, and particularly accuſe me of Partiality to the Guilty Great; whereas I will maintain I am the ſame Perſon I was in the ancienteſt of Times, and that if you will only deſiſt from interpoſing between me and the Criminal, the World ſhall ſoon ſee I am no Reſpecter of Perſons.

For. You wou'd have me infer, I ſuppoſe, from what you have been ſaying, that exert yourſelves as much as you pleaſe, I am in Spite an Over-match for you both; and of Courſe the ſole Cauſe you have not more Weight in the World?

Rea. It is too melancholy a Truth.

For. Well then, to ſhew you how deſirous I am to redreſs your Grievances, inſtead of your quitting the World, as I hear you have petition'd to do, I will inſtantly withdraw from it myſelf, leave all in it Beggars, and then ſurely you will have no Subject of Complaint.

Curi. As you ſay, my Dear, if any Thing will bring People to Reaſon and Juſtice, Poverty will. Ha, ha, ha.

Rea. It will bring them likewiſe to Slavery, which Heaven avert!

For. Bleſs me! there's no ſatisfying the Man —— If you don't like my Offer, you muſt apply to Madam *Virtue* for Redreſs: If that won't do, you muſt e'en take the World on the Terms you find it——Have you any thing more?

Rea. Only that you would be pleaſed to incline a more favorable Ear to an old Suitor of yours, Mr. *Merit*, than whom I know not a Perſon more deſerving your Love; at leaſt, if Learning, Genius, and every good Quality, can have any Weight.

For. Pſhaw! you're eternally teazing me with his odious Suit——I tell you, he is not my Taſte.

Rea. Be pleas'd to conſider——his Rival, Mr. *Worthleſs*, has not one good Quality to recommend him.

For. How ſtrangely you miſtake! he has my Favour——and that's every thing, indeed, Mr. *Reaſon!*

Rea. Pardon me if I cannot think ſo —— Nor can I be-

lieve you will ſeriouſly give a Preference, that reflects the higheſt Inſult on your Underſtanding.

For. Look you, Mr. *Reaſon*, you may continue to think me as inconſiſtent as you pleaſe, and according to your uſual Pride, treat every thing with Contempt, that happens to lie out of the Reach of your Comprehenſion; but I muſt tell you, Sir, you are very ſhort-ſighted, and by no means equal to my ſecret ways of acting, as I cou'd eaſily demonſtrate.

Curi. Dear Creature, confute him!

For. Preſently — I remember once as a very worthy Man was ſtepping into a Ship to take a Voyage, I tript up his Heels, and he thereby broke his Leg, which oblig'd him to come aſhore, to his great Diſappointment—I warrant now, according to your wonted dim Method of judging, you will call this barbarouſly malicious, unjuſt, and what not?

Rea. I confeſs I can't ſee how you will be able to make it appear otherwiſe.

For. Why there it is now —— To make you wiſer then, Sir, know, that the Ship was afterwards caſt-away, and I thought it was better breaking his Leg, than let him loſe his Life, which wou'd have been the greater Loſs to his Family, as it was large, and entirely dependent upon him for their Support——I cou'd produce a Thouſand ſuch Inſtances; but let this ſingle one ſuffice for your Confuſion, dear Sir.

[*Laugh.*

Curi. Really, Lady *Fortune*, I'm of your Mind ——— Mr. *Reaſon* is continually boaſting of his Strength, whereas I think him a very weak Creature.

For. The weakeſt imaginable———Pray, Sir, why don't you, with all your boaſted Solidity, prevent ſo many unnatural Conjunctions of young and old, as we daily ſee in the World? Why don't you make People more contented with their Conditions? Why can't you reſtrain that greedy, avaritious Diſpoſition in Mankind after Riches, who tho' they have acquir'd more than ſufficient, are not yet ſatisfy'd, but go on diſturbing their Quiet for more, tho' perhaps incapable of enjoying a moderate Portion of their Heap, and juſt about being eternally ſeparated from it? Why have you ſo little Influence over the Vices? Why is this boaſted Guide

of

of human Actions carry'd aſtray by every Guſt of Paſſion? Why, when there is the greateſt Occaſion for your Aſſiſtance, do you decline the Combat? and when there is none at all, do you vapour and brandiſh your Weapons? In ſhort, from what I can ſee, like all Braggadocios, you promiſe abundantly more than you are able to perform. [*Laugh.*

Curi. Nay, dear Creature, don't rally him to Death! You ſee the poor Thing is quite confounded.

For. I have done, my Dear, unleſs the Gentleman is inclin'd to make a Reply.

Rea. I'll take another Occaſion, Madam, to convince you of your miſtaken Notions——In the mean time, may I ask your final Determinations as to the future Happineſs or Miſery of Mr. *Merit?*

For. Yes———Tell him I have my Reaſons for behaving towards him as I have done; but that the Moment he ſhall know me better, the Cruelty he complains of ſhall ceaſe.

[*Exeunt* Reaſon *and* Juſtice.

Curi. I'm glad the dull Creatures are gone.

Enter FAVOR *and the King of* France.

Fav. Make Way there for the Moſt Chriſtian King——There is Lady *Fortune*, pleaſe your Majeſty.

For. Moſt Illuſtrious Controuler of Princes, and Diſturber of *Europe*, your Pleaſure?

King. I have the Honour, Madam, as you know, to be abſolute Maſter of a great and flouriſhing Kingdom, yielding every Thing that can render Life agreeable: I am courted beſides by the greateſt Part of my Neighbours, and feared by the reſt; yet is not my Thirſt of Glory ſatisfy'd.

For. How weak is Reaſon! How unſatisfy'd is Man! [*Aſide.*

And what may that fame Glory of your Majeſty's conſiſt in? And how can I yet contribute towards it?

King. I am now, Madam, upon the Point of invading my Neighbours with a formidable Army, and all I aim at is, to bring them under my univerſal Subjection.

For. The Attempt is worthy of your Majeſty——But firſt,

firſt, I muſt beg to know, what it is your Majeſty wou'd do to compaſs that favourite Point? For 'tis my Way—if I do any one a Favour, I like to know what it is he will do in return.

King. Do in return!—Cheerfully will I ſacrifice the Lives of Millions, and as many Families ruin: Whole Provinces will I lay waſte, and Fortreſſes diſmantle.

For. There your Majeſty ſpeaks the Hero——The Conditions of my Compliance are fulfill'd——Go Prince, and conquer —— you have my Protection——Cozen, attend his Majeſty. [*Exit King with* Favor.

Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing.

Curi. Ah Lard! at what?

For. Why to ſee how little Mankind know what it is they ask for: I have granted his Majeſty Succeſs, and that ſame Succeſs ſhall end in his Diſgrace, by opening the Eyes of the Credulous, and forming a Confederacy, that ſhall afterwards drive him from all his rapid Conqueſts.

Curi. Upon my Word, my Dear, I never thought you ſaw ſo remote into Things.

Re-enter FAVOR.

Fav. Madam, the Queen of *Spain*, with her two Sons, demands Admittance.

For. Lard! ſhe's an eternal Plague to me! The *Bourbon* Race perſecute me more than all the Princes of *Europe* beſides.

Fav. Do's your Ladyſhip pleaſe to ſee her?

For. As it is a Publick Day, I can't avoid it——Conduct her in. [*Exit* Favor.

Curi. She's a very termagant Lady, I hear?

For. A very Virago —— But I'm determin'd I will ſhew her that I am not always to be bully'd.

Re-enter FAVOR *with Queen of* Spain, *Don* Philip *with a Crown dangling to his Side, and Don* Lewis *in a Cardinal's Habit.*

Queen. What is it you mean, Madam, by ſiding with the Empreſs Queen, and oppoſing me as you do in *Italy*? I reſent

ſent it as a great Indignity, that young *Phill* here ſhould dangle ſo long after a Crown, when he ought to wear one; and I come to tell you I will not bear it any longer.

For. Not bear it! How will you help yourſelf, if I ſay you muſt?

Queen. Sooner let Heaven and Earth be thrown into one general Chaos! I will not bear it.

For. Come, come, Madam, talk in a leſs commanding Strain, and think yourſelf well off, that I have made one of your Sons a King.

Queen. No—I will have them all Kings—and *Lewis* too ſhall throw away the Purple.

For. I confeſs he is ill qualify'd for the Church, and wou'd better become an Eaſtern Monarch with his Seraglio's about him: But know, Madam, I begin to think this King-making Humour in you ridiculous.

Queen. Ridiculous!

For. Yes, Madam———and if it were to prevail among other Princes, who have an equal Right with you to Regalize their Off-ſpring, *Europe* wou'd be eternally a Scene of Fire and Sword——— So I muſt tell you plainly, Madam, I'll countenance your Majeſty no longer in your ambitious Views.

Queen. I find ſhe grows ſerious——— I muſt change my Note. [*Aſide.*] Pardon me, Madam, I have been too imperious——I have inſulted where I ought to have ſooth'd—— I own my Error—— and thus let me atone it——[*Kneels.*] Kneel, kneel my Boys with me—— [*They kneel.*] Behold a glorious Inſtance to you of Submiſſion! Me, and my Infant Boys proſtrate and groveling at your Feet.

For. This is no more than what I expected—— But I can aſſure you it had been the ſame, if you had firſt approach'd me thus.

Queen. Oh, ſay not ſo! nor now forſake me—— at this great Criſis leave me to the Scoff of *Europe!*

For. Madam, it is reſolv'd.

Queen. Kiſs—kiſs away, my Boys! [*They kiſs her Feet.*

For. It is in vain—Cozen, remove her Majeſty.

Fav. Madam—I attend you. [*They riſe.*

Queen.

Queen. Ah, cruel Fortune! Ah, wretched Queen! Ah, wretched Children! In Tears and Sackcloth will I end my Days. [*Exit* Favor *with Queen and Children.*

Od. You ſee, Gentlemen, when *Fortune* withdraws her Influence, what abject Creatures we are!

Enter FAME.

For. Well, Madam *Fame*, whence come you?

Fame. From the Secret Expedition your Ladyſhip ſent me upon —— But long before I cou'd get to the Scene of Action, it was all knock'd in the Head by Dame *Abſurdity*, which render'd, you know, my Preſence quite needleſs.

For. They are rightly ſerv'd for leaving all to me, and nothing to *Time* and *Forecaſt* —— And now, Madam *Fame*, I really am at a Loſs where to ſend you next to beſtow your Laurels—— The Affairs of *Europe* are in Suſpence, and till I permit you to turn the Scale, you may go and take a Nap.

[*Exit* Fame.

Od. Ha, ha, ha! How do you like my Conceit of *Fame*'s taking a Nap?

Temp. Very well —— I think *Fame* at preſent may very juſtly be be ſaid to be aſleep in the World.

Enter FAVOR.

Fav. I am juſt come from *London*, to acquaint your Ladyſhip that the Seals are vacant — and to know whom your Pleaſure will appoint Secretary?

For. Secretary! —— In any other leſs critical Time, I might have Pity on ſome ſmall Genius, to fill the Poſt —— But as I have not favour'd the *Engliſh* Nation much this War, either in the Field or the Cabinet, I believe I muſt take Compaſſion of them in the Choice of a ſuperior Spirit —— Fly therefore, and beſtow the Seals on *Cheſterfield*.

[*Exit* Favor.

Cur. Oh Lard! what Groteſque Figure, my Dear, is this a coming?

For. He is one, who has a Mixture of the Fox and Baboon in his Compoſition —— an Arch-Rebel Lord, in the high Road to the Scaffold.

Enter

Enter Rebel Lord.

Reb. Lord. Behold, Madam, a poor *North-British* Peer most humbly craves your Ladyſhip's gracious Aſſiſtance to defeat the wicked Deſigns of his Enemies upon his Life and Fortune.

For. Nay, my Lord, if your Wiles fail you, I'm afraid I can be of little Service.

Reb. Lord. I muſt own to you, my Lady, I never was ſo put to't in all my Days——I have practiſed every Stratagem I am Maſter of—If any thing happens to carry a diſagreeable Sound with it, I am very deaf—I have not had my Hearing ſince the laſt great Cold I took—If I am deſired to go any where I had rather ſtay away from, ſtrait I am very lame, and cannot move Hand nor Foot, tho' my Warder will tell you he has ſeen me croſs my Room as nimbly as any one—If again, I am ſhewn any thing I don't care to ſee, Well, how ſtrangely my Eye-ſight fails me, cry I!—In a word, your Ladyſhip ſees I can be deaf, lame, and blind, as Occaſion offers——But I very much fear all wo-not do—ſo muſt entreat your Ladyſhip will have Regard to my old Age, if not to paſt Services.

For. Old Age! the worſt Plea in the World, my Lord—Has your Lordſhip nothing to urge but old Age?

Reb. Lord. Yes, Madam—I think I may very juſtly hope for your Protection, as well in Conſideration of the Good I have done in the World, as of the Ignominy I have undergone in it.

For. Good! ha, ha, ha,—pray what Good, my Lord?

Reb. Lord. Your Ladyſhip is pleas'd to be facetious, but I'll ſoon make it appear to your entire Satisfaction—Among many other Inſtances of Goodneſs, I have indiſputably *done Good*, in particular, to the ingenious Mr. *Hogarth*, in graciouſly permitting him to draw my Picture, at once for the Emolument of the Publick, as well as himſelf; which was attended again with a Circumſtance, you will allow, no leſs ſingular and complaiſant.

Curi. Pray what was that, my Lord?

Reb. Lord. You are to underſtand, Madam, I was under the Operation of the Tonſor, who had juſt finiſh'd lathering my Face when that Gentleman came into the Room, upon which I preſently roſe up, and courteouſly accoſted him with a *French* Salute on both Cheeks, telling him I had heard much of his Fame, and was very glad to ſee him — adding, He was no leſs welcome to exerciſe his Talents upon me — Now, Madam, I will appeal to any Caſuiſt in *Chriſtendom*, if this was not a good and gracious Action in me?

Curi. Ha, ha, ha! Very gracious — very gracious — But pray what may be the Ignominy you were hinting at?

Reb. Lord. The greateſt, Madam, can befall a Man in a Chriſtian Country, if being ſton'd, ſcoff'd, and ſpit at can be accounted ſuch — I expected nothing better indeed from the vulgar Populace; but when I came to the Houſe of Lords, and found the unmanner'd malicious Sneer went round there too, I own to you I was provok'd beyond bearing — But I imagine they wiſh'd they had let me alone — I did ſo give it them! and they look'd ſo ſilly! ye wou'd have laught your Sides ſore, Madam — Nay, I was as even with them again upon another Occaſion.

Curi. Ay! — as how my Lord?

Reb. Lord. Why, upon their ſaying one Day, I had not obſerved the Orders of the Houſe, I ſtrait made Reply, I was very ſorry I had diſobey'd that Auguſt Aſſembly, but that to ſhew how profound I would be in my future Obedience, I told them, if they would order me to *Port-Mahon*, I would inſtantly embark thither, tho' it were to blow a Storm all the Voyage.

For. Ha, ha, ha! I own your Wit, my Lord — But do you think it ſo politick to jeſt with Edg'd Tools?

Reb. Lord. What then do's your Ladyſhip adviſe me to?

For. There is but one Thing, that I can think of, by which you may have a Chance of ſaving yourſelf.

Reb. Lord. And what may that be pray, my Lady?

For. Why, by getting your *ſtrong Box* again, with about a Score or two more from your good Friends in *France*.

Reb. Lord. Does not your Ladyſhip perceive, that that amounts to an Impoſſibility? I pray you, my Lady, name ſomething more practicable.

For.

For. I can say no more, my Lord—I must beg your Excuse—Here comes one from the House of Commons, whom I cannot make wait—so Peace be with your Lordship!

Reb. Lord. And Confusion to the World.

[*Exit Rebel Lord.*

—*Enter* LOBBY *with a Bundle of Papers in his Hand.*

For. Oh, Mr. *Lobby*, your Servant.

Lob. Your Ladyship's most Devoted.

For. Well—what Parliamentary News do you bring us?

Lob. I come to wait on you by Order of a Committee of the whole House, with these Money-Bills, for your Approbation.

For. Pray read the Titles.

Lob. Let me see— [*Reads*] Land Tax—Malt Tax—Wheel Carriage Bill—Window Light Bill—and a few others.

For. Few do you call them? Why, they seem to me to exceed what were pass'd the last Year, as the last Year exceeded the Year before, and this again did the preceding one.

Lob. It's very true, Madam—The Supplies have been gathering upon us, like a Snow-Ball, of late Years—and particularly this—But Madam, you know very well, this is to be a vigorous Campaign—we are to make one Push for all, and not do things by halves—What signifies haggling about a few Millions!—Is it your Ladyship's Pleasure the Bills should pass?

For. Yes, yes, yes, pass—to be sure pass—But however let me advise you to take care you don't ride a free Horse to Death.

Lob. No, no, Madam— [*Pulling some Papers out of his Pocket*]—there's a great deal of good Meat in his Belly for all this.

For. What have you got there, Mr. *Lobby*?

Lob. Some Motions I was desir'd to present for your Favour, in Behalf of the People.

For. What are they?

Lob. First— [*Reads*] here is a Motion for the Repeal

of the Septennial Act — another for the Riot Act — another for Redress of Grievances — another for——

For. Hold—hold — I'll hear no more — Is this a Time to think of Grievances?

Lob. Why, so I told them.

For. Let a flat Negative be put upon the Motions, without allowing the Movers the Liberty of withdrawing them — Have you any thing more from that Quarter?

Lob. Yes, Madam — another extraordinary Motion was made for Naturalizing Foreign Protestants, which your favourite City of *London* presently hopes to quash; and another no less extraordinary one was made for a Tax upon Husbands not co-habiting with their Wives, but rejected, on account of the Disease that reigns among the Horn'd-Cattle. [*Laughs*

For. What more, Mr. *Lobby*?

Lob. The Court of Requests, Madam, swarms with Solicitors for your Interest: Some to promote Bills in Parliament, others to fling them out: Abundance of Appellants and Respondents, desiring to be favour'd in their respective Causes, to be heard, or hearing, at the Bar of the House of Lords; and a more than ordinary Crowd of Borough-Jobbers, begging you will prosper their righteous Endeavours for the Good of their Country, at the approaching general Election.

For. Tell them they may depend upon my Influence, and that before it be long, I will give them a glaring Proof of my Contempt of Publick Virtue and Equity, by making even Law and Gospel laugh at both.

Lob. Your Ladyship is most polite — Your most Obedient. [*Exit Lobb.*

For. Who have we next, I wonder? Oh — here comes a favorite Nobleman of mine — He seems melancholy — what can he want?

Enter Lord Bawble.

My dear Lord *Bawble*, your most Obsequious — I did not expect the Favour of a Visit from your Lordship — What may your Lordship's Pleasure be with me?

Lord.

Lord. Dear Lady *Fortune!* afford me your kind Aſſiſtance, without which, you behold the miſerableſt of all miſerable Creatures.

For. You aſtoniſh me, my Lord! I have given you a large Eſtate — I have made you noble for many Generations — I have added a beautiful, vittuous, and fertile Wife, and what is there yet can remain wanting to your Wiſhes? or that ſhould render your Being ſo very wretched?

Curi. Now am I as wretched as his Lordſhip to know what it can be.

For. I proteſt you puzzle one, my Lord.

Lord. I acknowledge your Ladyſhip's extenſive Goodneſs to me and Family; but not all the earthly Bleſſings you have beſtow'd, can eaſe my diſtracted Mind — I cannot ſleep by Night, nor bear the Torture of my Thoughts by Day.

For. Pray, my Lord, what may your Phyſicians ſay is the Cauſe of this ſtrange Diſorder?

Lord. Ah, Madam! 'Tis not in Phyſick to bring me Relief: For what is Phyſick, or what is Life itſelf, without a Ruban!

Curi. A Ruban! ha, ha, ha, I can't contain myſelf. [*Aſide.*

For. A Ruban, my Lord?

Lord. Yes, Madam——Without a dear blue Ruban, and a dear White Staff, my Life will be a Burthen.

For. I comprehend your Lordſhip's Caſe perfectly now — but I really can't tell what to ſay in this Matter —— Your Lordſhip you know is a Patriot, and may not chuſe to quit your Independency.

Lord. I will quit any thing——

For. Can your Lordſhip ſubmit, after all your Profeſſions, to be a Convert to Court Meaſures?

Lord. I will be any thing, ſo you but gratify this darling Paſſion.

For. The Garter then is inſtant your's, my Lord, and the White Staff likewiſe.

Lord. Your Ladyſhip reſtores me—Your Ladyſhip's moſt Inviolable——— [*Going, returns.*

But dear Lady *Fortune*, I had forgot—There is an intimate Friend of mine, a Speaker in the Houſe of Commons, and

a

a Patriot too, who is exactly in the State of Mind I was in just now for a *Title*: What Conſolation ſhall I carry him from your Ladyſhip?

For. Let him but follow your Lordſhip's great Example, and ſtrait he'll be a *Lord*.

Lord. I humbly thank your Ladyſhip in his Name — and am your Ladyſhip's moſt Profound. [*Exit Lord.*

Curi. I vow, I cant help bluſhing for his Lordſhip, that Noblemen ſhould ſeek Court-Dependency with as much Eagerneſs and Servility, as their menial Servants ſeek to be hired when out of Place! In this a Lord levels himſelf with his Servant — only one is the Servant of a King, and the other of a Lord.

For. Very true, my Dear — But bleſs us all, who have we here! We muſt have a care — here comes a broken Horſe Officer, who ſeems greatly incens'd.

Enter Captain BUFF.

Capt. Zoons, Madam! will you never have done playing your unlucky Pranks? I muſt tell you, Madam, 'tis uſing brave Men (expoſing Life and Limb in Defence of their Country) exceeding ill, to make them live one Day like Gentlemen, and the next like Scoundrels——But by the great God of Hoſts! if I am not very ſoon provided for, equal to my former Pay, I will ſpread Diſaffection like a Whirlwind.

For. What's the Matter, Captain *Buff*? why all this Rage?

Capt. Was this a Time, when brave Men were never more wanted, to think of Reductions? Cut off the Water-Pipes in a Conflagration, and that is juſt as wiſe as to diſband Troops in the very Heat of a War.

Curi. How! diſbanded?

Capt. Yes, Madam—and with ſo little Decency, had we been guilty of the moſt flagrant Cowardice, we cou'd not have been broke in a more ignominious Manner.

For. Perhaps it was thought by your Superiors, that Troopers were rather a dead Weight, than of any Uſe in an Army.

Capt.

Capt. We were found to be of Uſe in Queen *Anne*'s Wars, Madam—I know not whoſe wiſe Head conceived this new and dangerous Innovation; but I am certain all foreign Services have Horſe as well as Dragoons, and I wiſh the Weight of the *Engliſh* Horſe may not be fatally miſs'd one Day or other.

Curi. Pray what might be the Reaſons given then for this Alteration?

Capt. For my Part, I can ſee none but the moſt egregious Folly and Injuſtice in it, as it muſt neceſſarily breed Diſcontent in the reſt of the Army, and ſerve not a little to damp their martial Ardour, when they reflect, as they naturally muſt, That what is our Fate to-day, may be their's to-morrow.

For. From what you ſay, I more than ſuſpect you live under a ſaving Miniſtry.

Capt. Pox of their ſaving! Where is their Spirit of ſaving, in creating five more Admirals than were ever known in the Navy? If they needs muſt ſave, let them ſave in the right Place; let them begin with Sine-Cures, Places, Penſions, and publick Offices: If they needs muſt reform, they will find an ample Field for Reformation in the Law, and the Goſpel—But let them not take from a brave Man what will be of as little Encreaſe to the Revenue, as a Drop of Water wou'd be to the Ocean—I am not afraid therefore to ſay, Whoever adviſ'd this Step, was no Friend to his Majeſty.

For. Hold—hold—accuſe not any one of Diſaffection——If you can keep your Temper a Moment, I will let you into a Secret, that ſhall appeaſe this Guſt of Reſentment in you.

Capt. Madam, I am calm.

For. Know then, that the Miniſtry, in what they have done, have only thrown out a Sprat to catch a Salmon. Under Colour of this ſeeming Parſimony, the Supplies went ſmoothly, and liberally on; for who cou'd refuſe any thing to ſo gracious a Monarch, who parts with his favorite Houſehold for the Eaſe of his People? But now the Purpoſe is ſerv'd, if I greatly miſtake not, as in the famous Pot-Act, they will preſently diſcover the unforeſeen Inconveniences attending

tending the Alteration, and of Course it will be found expedient to restore you to your former Commands again——So you may go home, Captain, you see, and comfort yourself, that it is but a harmless State Trick after all.

Capt. Madam, you give me great Consolation——Your Ladyship's most Obliged. [*Exit Captain.*

Enter Two Clergymen.

For. Reverend Gentlemen, your Servant—what are your Pleasures?

1st Cler. We are Competitors, Madam, for a Bishoprick.

For. Please to let me hear your Qualifications?

1st Cler. In the first Place, Madam, I hold some Twenty Livings in Commendam, and never resided at any, nor ever intend to do.

For. Very well, Sir!

1st Cler. Then I have taken care to study Politicks more than Divinity, and have succeeded so far as to render my self useful to an Administration.

For. Better still.

1st Cler. Next, Madam, I have a great deal of innate Pride, properly conceal'd under the Shew of Sanctity; and lastly, I am, upon all Occasions, a zealous Stickler for the Rights of the Church.

For. Right modish Qualifications, upon my Word——and what may your's be pray, Sir?

2d Cler. I differ widely, Madam, from my Reverend Antagonist: I hold Residence an absolute Duty, and all Pluralities as Antichristian: I have devoted my self solely to spiritual Learning, and take Care to confirm my Doctrine by my Practice, being of Opinion, that the one is next to a dead Letter without the other. As to the Rights of the Church, I know no other but those of carrying on the Work of Conversion by its Pastors; who, instead of Pride, ought to discover a Meekness and Humility in all their Actions. Lastly, Tho' Poverty and a Bishoprick may seem a Contradiction in Terms, yet by constantly residing in my Diocese, preaching, praying, visiting the Sick, and doing the Works of

of Charity, I ſhou'd hope not only to ſet a truly Prelatorial Example, but likewiſe preſerve the Spirit at leaſt, if not the Letter of the Goſpel——Theſe being my Sentiments, Madam, I flatter myſelf with having ſome Pretenſions to your Intereſt.

For. Ha, ha, ha, my Intereſt! No—no—Reverend Sir—we know better Things than to beſtow Biſhopricks on ſuch as you——The See is yours, Sir.

1ſt Cler. Your Ladyſhip's moſt devoted.

2d Cler. Heav'n, grant me Chriſtian Patience!

[*Exeunt Clergymen.*

For. Oh—here comes more of the Reverend Fraternity.

Enter Sir Simon Advowſon, *with two young Clergymen, and a young Woman.*

1ſt Cler. No Simony in the Church, I ſay.

2d Cler. No Simony ſay I too.

For. What's the Matter, Reverend Gentlemen?

1ſt Cler. This Gentleman, Madam, [*to Sir* Simon] has a Couple of good Livings in his Gift——

Sir Sim. Yes, Madam, which theſe Gentlemen are Pretenders to—— and I muſt tell them, I'm as little for Simony in the Church as they, as I will preſently make appear—Sir, you're a very clever active young Fellow in Appearance—I—give me Leave to ask you—Pray, can you jump?

1ſt Cler. Jump, Sir! a very odd Queſtion—What do you mean, Sir?

Sir Sim. Yes, Sir, I ſay jump—Now, older as I am than you by a Score of Years, I'll jump with you for the Value of the Living, which all the Pariſh knows is dog cheap at 500*l.*

1ſt Cler. Oh—I underſtand him. [*Aſide.*]—Well, come Sir, ſince you'll have it ſo, I'll jump with you—But I'll take care to jump booty. [*Aſide.*] Jump away, Sir!

[*They jump,* Sir Simon *beats.*

Sir Sim. Well, Sir, you ſee I have beat you by a Bar's Length—when do you propoſe paying me?

1ſt Cler. Do you take me, Sir, for a Scrub, and think I carry no Money about me?——Let me ſee—Oh, I happen to have it—there it is to a Farthing.

Sir Sim. Oh, Sir, you're a very worthy Man—the Living is yours———Is it not, Madam?

For. By all means——— This is call'd jumping into a Living———

Sir Sim. Ha, ha, ha! This is call'd jumping into a Living, Sir—'Tis no Simony for all that—as I'll make appear to you in another Inſtance, if you pleaſe, Sir. [*To 2d Clerg.*

2d Cler. I'm all Attention, Sir.

Sir Sim. Well then—what think you of this pretty Lady? She is young, and of a good Character, only ſhe has had a Child, or ſo.

2d Cler. Sir!

Sir Sim. Look you, Sir, the Living is worth full a Thouſand Pounds, were I capable of Simony—ſo, Sir, reſolve—will you take her, and the Living together—a lumping Penny-worth?

2d Cler. The Example of my Reverend Brother is too prevalent—I'll marry her this Inſtant.

Sir Sim. Now by all the Advowſons in *England*, this is very prudent in you—Reverend Sir, won't you pleaſe to give your Brother a Caſt of your Office, by performing the Ceremony? [*To 1ſt Clerg.*

1ſt Cler. God forbid I ſhou'd be his Hindrance to a good Living!

[*After the Ceremony.*]

Sir Sim. My Dear, I give you Joy of a deſerving Huſband—The Living is yours, Sir—and this is call'd, young Gentleman, puſhing into a Living—'Tis no Simony for all that—Is it, Madam?

For. No, no, no Simony—Shou'd a Biſhop play at Cards, and win Living's Worth a whole Day together after this manner, it would be no Simony for all that—So much Good may do you, Gentlemen, with your Livings———

[*Exeunt Sir* Simon, *Clergymen and Lady.*

For. Now I have done with Goſpel, the Law follows of Courſe—and accordingly here comes Serjeant *Doodle.*

Enter DOODLE.

Well, Mr. Serjeant, what is your Pleaſure with me?

Dood.

Dood. I beg leave to wait upon your Ladyſhip for your Intereſt for a Vacancy, that has juſt happen'd in the Bench. I confeſs I am neither the greateſt Lawyer, nor yet the beſt Orator in the World; but to make amends, Madam, I ſhou'd have an admirable Talent at ſleeping over a Cauſe, and leaving all to a Jury. Beſides, I ſhou'd enter readily enough into any Miniſterial Meaſure, and make a Handle of every trifling Circumſtance to defer a Trial, in order to ingratiate myſelf with my Brethren of the Law.

For. To ſhew you in what Eſtimation I hold your Talents, go, and order your Fur-Gown — I hail you, Lord Judge.

Dood. How ſhall I expreſs my Rapture, and my Gratitude! Your Ladyſhip's moſt profoundedly obliged Slave.

[*Exit* Doodle.

For. Who comes next? — Oh, here's Dr. *Drugwell* —

Enter DRUGWELL.

Well, Doctor — when laſt I was with you, you were ſpeaking of the two Eſſentials of a Phyſician.

Drug. I was, Madam — and if you remember, we were interrupted.

For. We were ſo — Pray what are the two Eſſentials of a Phyſician?

Drug. A Diploma, and a Coach — A Diploma I have, but the other Eſſential, a Coach, I have not — In order therefore to give People a proper Opinion of my Skill, I entreat your Ladyſhip will beſtow a Coach upon me — I promiſe you, Madam, I will endeavour to deſerve it: I will take care to load my Patients with Phyſick, and endear myſelf and Memory to the Apothecaries and Undertakers. And then again, as a farther Inducement to your Favour, I aſſure you I will be very careful to leave the reſt to your Guidance, without ever pretending to call in Dr. *Judgment*, or Dr. *Science*, to interrupt your ſovereign Pleaſure over the Lives of the Thouſands and ten Thouſands you ſhall ſubſtitute me to preſcribe for.

For. A la Moderne, and very obliging! — But pray, Doctor,

have you thought of comporting yourſelf with proper Importance and Sagacity in your future Vehicle?

Drug. Oh yes, Madam — in the firſt Place, I will take care always to be ſeen reading in it; and in the next, I am a perfect Adept in the Art of transferring all my Sapience and Erudition into my *Phyz*; from the ſagacious Becoming of which, I ſuppoſe, the Name of a Phyſician is derived.

For. Admirable! ha, ha, ha!—Pray oblige me with ſome farther curious Particulars relating to your Learned Conduct.

Drug. Why, Madam, I hereby promiſe never to diſſent from the Opinion of any of your Ladyſhip's Phyſical Favorites; nor to allow, upon any Score, the leaſt Learning, Skill, or Ability to thoſe your Frowns have mark'd for Contempt——In a Word, any one preſuming to cure *on Foot*, I will uſe him as I wou'd an Apothecary's 'Prentice.

For. Say you ſo?

Drug. Nay, Madam, I will aſſert and defend the mere Locality of Merit; and if the Education of any Phyſical Genius has been in a different Country, or he produces his Diploma from a different Univerſity, I will contract my Noſe very ſignificantly at his Name, and exert a particular Contorſion of the *Zygomatic* Muſcles, which I have long practiſed with Succeſs.

For. Ha, ha, ha, your Ridicule is very ſcientifical —— Have you any thing more?

Drug. Yes, Madam, as a Finiſher, I will be loud and unintelligible in Publick, to paſs for Skilful and Learned; but with Perſons of Science and Penetration, I will ſhew my Judgment, by ſaying very little, and bribe them to think, or ſpeak kindly of my Capacity, by profeſſing to admire theirs.

For. Ha, ha, ha — Why you are a very *Machiavel* in Phyſick! With half theſe Talents, Doctor, you might have truſted to that Jade *Artifice*, without applying to me.

Drug. Your Ladyſhip is pleaſed to compliment — May I preſume to add another Requeſt to my former, which ariſes purely from the good Will I bear Mankind?

For. What is that, pray, Doctor?

Drug.

Drug. That you wou'd be charitably pleaſed to put me upon the Diſcovery of ſome infallible *Noſtrum*, to kill either the *Gout* or the *Patient*—I ſay, Kill either one, or the other, Madam; for I have no Notion to ſee a Man linger out his Life in Pain.

For. A very merciful Principle!—In Conſideration therefore of your various Excellencies and Endowments, the *Coach* and the *Noſtrum* are yours—Doctor, your Servant.

Drug. Madam, your Ladyſhip's moſt Obedient.

[*Exit* Drugwell.

For. Now, Madam, we are rid of that *Nonpareil* in Phyſick, I will preſent you with as great a Curioſity in the Military Way———Oh——here he comes.

Enter Soldier.

Sol. Madam, your Ladyſhip's moſt devoted.

For. What is your Pleaſure, Sir?

Sol. I have the Honour to belong to the Army, and only want to be a General Officer; that's all, Madam.

For. Oh, a Trifle, Sir—I ſuppoſe you know the principal Qualification I require?

Sol. Oh, yes, Madam, I can aſſure you I have no more Courage than my Neighbours; neither have I ever ſeen an Action; but I can tell you if ever I ſhou'd, I cou'd run away as well as others.

For. So you are pleaſed to ſay——But are you certain you wou'd run away? for it all depends on that.

Sol. Nay, Madam, if you ſcruple me, I will take my Oath, that I will be one of the very firſt to run away.

For. Oh, Sir, you quite extort my Favour — Go—your Commiſſion is made out —— Mr. Brigadier-General, your Servant.

Sol. Madam, your moſt Obſequious. [*Exit* Soldier.

Curi. Oh, thou Scandal to the Name of Soldier! How can your Ladyſhip promote ſuch daſtardly Wretches?

For. Don't miſtake me, my Dear! 'tis only when I happen to be in one of my whimſical Veins, that I do ſo: Otherwiſe, the Brave are ever my Favourites in general. I

muſt

muſt ſhew you nevertheleſs another odd Humour of mine in the Couple of Tars I ſee coming.

Enter Two Sailors.

Well, Commodores, what are your Commands?

1ſt Sail. We are Pretenders, Madam, to a vacant Flag—and I hope you will think me the moſt worthy of it.

For. Firſt, let me ask a few previous Queſtions before I determine between you —— For your Part, Sir, I dare ſay you wou'd fight a Squadron upon Occaſion? [*To 1ſt Sail.*

1ſt Sail. Fight! Oh, yes, Madam, I wou'd fight it—Tho' I can't ſay I ſhou'd know well how to draw up a Line of Battle, or make proper Signals.

2d Sail. On the contrary, Madam, if you think fit to honour me with the Flag, I will draw you up a Line of Battle with any He in the Navy. I am, beſides, a great Critick in Signals, and a faithful Obſerver of private Inſtructions.

For. With all theſe Qualifications, Sir, I take it for granted you will alſo fight?

2d Sail. Perhaps I may, perhaps I may not, Madam;—that's according as I ſhall happen to have my private Reaſons.

1ſt Sail. Private Reaſons for not fighting! Oh, the Coward in Maſquerade! Break him, break him, Madam!

For. Hold your Tongue, you haughty, hectoring, raſh Thing you! Do you think the King's Ships, Powder and Ball coſt nothing? and is it not much more meritorious to ſave them at a Time, when the Nation is already too much indebted? I will therefore ſhew you the Difference: Know, Sir, the Flag is for this Gentleman, who has too prudent an Œconomy to fight at all Events; and I hereby caſhier you for daring to ſay you would fight, and thereby madly expoſe the Nation to the Loſs of ſo many Men's Lives, Ships, and ſo much Ammunition, as muſt unavoidably enſue.

2d Sail. Madam, I will make it my Endeavour to deſerve this Obligation——Your Ladyſhip's moſt Obedient.

[*Exit 2d Sailor.*

1ſt Sail.

1st Sail. I have long ſeen your Malice, Madam, and that you were reſolved to run me down at all Events; but I don't value of that, what you have done to me! only, I muſt tell you I am us'd ill — damn'd ill, Madam — unpreſidentedly ill——— But no Thanks to you, Madam, I will bring my Actions—I will appeal. [*Exit 1ſt Sailor.*

For. You have ſeen one, Madam, who is a real fighting Man, and another, who only fights conditionally; I will now ſhew you the Quinteſſence of Cowardice ——— Oh — here he is——Mr. *Poltroon*, you're welcome from the Wars

Enter POLTROON.

Pol. Thanks to your Ladyſhip, without Scar or Maim.

Curi. Did you ſerve, Sir, pray, by Land or Sea?

Pol. By both, Madam.

Curi. Was you ever in an Engagement, Sir?

Pol. Yes, Madam, in ſeveral.

Curi. May I ask how you behav'd yourſelf in a Day of Battle?

Pol. As I preſume you are a Friend of Lady *Fortune*, who is no Stranger to my Nature, I ſhall anſwer you very ingenuouſly —— For Inſtance: If we happen'd to be ſurpriz'd into an Action, I us'd to skulk behind a Tree, or a Waggon, or get into a Wood if there was any; but if the Engagement was known before-hand to be inevitable, I then always pretended myſelf ſick.

Curi. How did you uſe to do in a Sea-Fight, where there are no Back-doors?

Pol. I was ſure to keep out of Point-blank, and ſometimes random Shot —— Or if we were forc'd to edge a little nearer the Enemy, I us'd to make a charitable Viſit down to the Cock-pit to the wounded Men, and keep as much below as I cou'd—Once I remember I crept behind a Bag of Hay, and another Time got into the Coil of the great Cable; and once again, when there happen'd to be deviliſh hot Work, I had certainly been kill'd, if I had not luckily had the Preſence of Mind to ſave my Bacon by getting into the Cook's Copper.

Curi.

Curi. Ha, ha, ha, admirable! I'm a great Lover of the ingenious Devices which Self-Preſervation naturally ſuggeſts — I hope therefore you will indulge me in a few other Queſtions? —

Pol. You're extremely welcome, Madam. ——

Curi. Suppoſe then you were Commodore, with five Men of War in Company, and made four Sail of the Enemy, how wou'd you act in that Caſe?

Pol. Why, I would be ſure to be ſo long in conſulting with the Captains and other Officers, what it was beſt to do, that before we cou'd work ourſelves up to a Reſolution of attacking, the Enemy ſhould infallibly get away.

Curi. Good—good—but pray how do you act on Shore, when you receive a perſonal Inſult?

Pol. An Inſult, Madam!

Curi. Ay, Sir, ſuppoſe a Man ſhou'd tread upon your Toes?

Pol. I wou'd not ſeem to feel him.

Curi. What if he ſhould pull you by the Noſe?

Pol. I wou'd put it off with thanking him, as if he intended to make me take a Pinch of Snuff.

Curi. Suppoſe he gave you the Lye?

Pol. I'd call him a Wag——a very great Wag.

Curi. What if he return'd a Slap in the Face, a Box on the Ear, or a Kick in the Breech?

Pol. Still I'd take all in good Humour, and turn it off with a Laugh.

Curi. Ha, ha, ha, you're certainly the moſt facetious Man, Mr. *Poltroon*, I ever knew —— I've only another Queſtion, and then I have done——Pray how do you behave with regard to a Challenge?

Pol. O lack, Madam! there was no manner of need for that Queſtion——I never give Occaſion for one.

Curi. But there are a ſort of hot-headed Sparks, that don't ſtand upon ſuch Niceties, and will be for making you fight whether you will or not.

Pol. In that Caſe, if the Gentleman happen'd to be my Superior, I ſhou'd excuſe myſelf by telling him, good Manners forbad me to contend with my Superiors; and if my

Inſe-

Inferior, by bidding him put himſelf upon an Equality with me, and then I wou'd fight him —— By this Specimen of my Conduct you muſt allow, Madam, I have the Peace and Safety of Society very much at Heart.

Curi. No Body more ſo.

Pol. But notwithſtanding theſe my pacifick Sentiments, you muſt know I want ſadly to be thought valiant — and I have the Vanity to think, that, as I have often been try'd by a Court-Martial, and always found Means to get myſelf honourably acquitted, it is no ſuch difficult Matter —— that is, by your Ladyſhip's kind Aſſiſtance.

For. Any thing in my Compaſs you may command, Mr. *Poltroon* —— Had you indeed ask'd me for true Valour, I cou'd not have oblig'd you — that being quite out of my Power —— But, what is in a manner tantamount, the Reputation of it, is very much at your Service.

Pol. That is all I deſire, Madam — you have made me as happy as my Being wou'd admit of — and I remain your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged, and grateful humble Servant.

[*Exit* Poltroon.

Enter Rake.

Rake. Madam, your Ladyſhip's moſt Obſequious!

For. Who are you, pray, Sir?

Rake. I have the Honour to be a Man of the Town, and what the polite World calls a very pretty Fellow, but more vulgarly call'd a *Rake* —— I have very fairly run thro' a fine Eſtate, and am now come to deſire you will help me to lick myſelf whole again, either by getting me a Seat in Parliament, or marrying me to ſome opulent Widow, Heireſs, or other.

For. I find, Sir, you don't know me, or you wou'd not have given yourſelf this unneceſſary Trouble.

Rake. As how, Madam?

For. A Perſon that has once uſed me ill, I muſt tell you, I ſeldom give the ſecond Opportunity of doing ſo.

Rake. I hope your Ladyſhip will diſpenſe with that Maxim on this Occaſion.

For. I will not flatter you, Sir.

Rake. Do's your Ladyſhip conſider how confounded ſilly I ſhall look? how egregiouſly be laugh'd at, and ſlighted by all my Acquaintance, if ſomething is not immediately done for me, before my Affairs come to be known?

For. I cannot help that—I am not oblig'd to humour you in all your Extravagancies—and ſo, Sir, I beg you to take your Anſwer, and have Recourſe to other Means to retrieve yourſelf.

Rake. Rot her Ladyſhip, ſhe's in an ill Humour——I'll call ſome other time upon her. [*Exit* Rake.

Enter Servant.

For. And who are you?

Serv. To tell you the Truth, Madam, I am a Servant, and have ſtole juſt as much Money as has bought me a Ticket in the Lottery, and unleſs you are pleaſed to aſſiſt me in getting a Prize, it will not be in my Power to prove myſelf an honeſt Man, by letting the right Owner have it again.

For. Hark you, Friend, take care you don't get a Halter inſtead of a Prize—for know, the Prizes are all beſtow'd.

Serv. Oons—ſince that's the Caſe—I'll e'en ſell out, and lay the Money where I found it. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter Upstart.

Up. Your Ladyſhip's moſt profound.

For. Oh—Mr. *Upſtart*, is it you?

Up. The ſame, Madam, you have been lately pleaſed to throw into an unexpected Affluence; and at the ſame time that I come to thank you for the Favour, I deſire you will pleaſe to let me know how I am to behave myſelf in my preſent Condition?

For. Take this, Mr. *Upſtart*, for a general Rule, that the richeſt in Company, from the Courtier to the Cit, is always to give himſelf the moſt Airs. For inſtance: If you are richer than another, you are to take all the inſolent Liberties poſſible: Among the reſt, if he ſpeaks to you, give him the

deaf

deaf Ear; or if you condescend to take notice, it must be no further than a Humph, and a Hah! giving your chief Attention to some Trifle else.

Up. That is design'd, I suppose, to shew my Superiority?

For. Yes, Sir — Then if you enter into an Argument with him, and he presumes to contradict you, strait fling your Fortune in his Teeth, with a Zoons, Sir, I admire at your Assurance! I say it is so ——— and surely I ought to know best, who am full ten Thousand Pounds a wiser Man than yourself.

Up. Ha, ha, ha, a knock-down Argument.

For. On the other hand, if another is richer than yourself, you are to behave with equal Deference towards *him*, taking Care to acquiesce in every thing he says or does, tho' ever so contradictory to Sense and Reason. — Then again, if a Lady has the same Advantage of being very rich, you are to say she is very pretty, tho' ugly; very witty, tho' foolish; or sings well, tho' ever so squallingly — And this is all that occurs to me at present, Mr. *Upstart.*

Up. Your Ladyship's most Obliged — With these Instructions, I shall hope to lay the Foundation of as numerous a Family as any in *Europe.* [*Exit* Upstart.

Curi. I have seen Abundance of strange Figures, but here comes one the most frightful of all — Pray, who is it?

For. 'Tis that dire Enemy of Youth and Beauty — *Time.*

Enter TIME.

Old Father *Time!* What brings you here?

Time. I have been a long while determining to pay your Ladyship a Visit — nor shou'd have come now, but that I hear a Noble Person, you have lately promoted, eminent for his bright Parts and publick Spirit, has a Design to do me Justice, and rescue me from the Prejudice of past Ages, by abolishing the *Julian* System of Time, thinking it unworthy of a wise People any longer to refuse the *Gregorian* Regulation, merely because it was brought about by a Pope.

Curi. As you say, venerable Sir, I can see no Reason

when we should not prefer the Example of a *Roman* Catholick, when better, to that of a *Roman* Heathen when not so good—But don't you think the Alteration will be productive of a good deal of Confusion?

Time. It will rather avoid Confusion, gay Madam, as you wou'd experience in every Day's News-Paper, in the more regular Dates of Foreign Transactions.

Curi. Alas! poor old Style! If any Body can annihilate thee, I'm perswaded his Lordship will.

Time. Yes, Madam—with this Difference only—For tho' that noble Person allows the *Gregorian* Style more exact than the *Julian*, yet he cannot agree with those who embrace the former, in commencing their new Year amidst Frost and Snow, which has all the Tokens of Age, and therefore conveys an Absurdity to the Idea; whereas, when the Sun enters the Equinoctial Sign *Aries*, then does the Womb of Nature team forth her various Productions, which has all the Air of Novelty, and therefore more rationally deserves the Appellation of a New Year.

For. Well — but what wou'd you have me do in this Affair? You know I'm a very bad Astronomer, as well as Chronologer.

Time. All I request is, that your Ladyship will be pleased to second his Lordship in his laudable Attempt, by rendering it successful.

For. Every thing in my Power his Lordship may command.

Time. Your Ladyship's most obliged. [*Time going, returns.*

Curi. Hold — good old Father *Time* — pray indulge me in one Question before you go.

Time. Two, fair Lady, if you please.

Curi. You must know then, my Head has been running strangely of late about Time past, and Time to come——Now, if Time to come were not to be better than Time past, I protest to you, I shou'd not think it worth while to live a Moment longer.

Time. It's Pity so fine a Lady shou'd quit the World, especially as Time to come has so much Felicity in store for

you

you ——— Live on — live on then, for Time to come ſhall bring you *Halcyon* Days. [*Exit* Time.

Curi. Ha, ha, ha! A very prophetick Conſolation!

Smugler *and* Lord *croſs the Stage Arm in Arm.*

Pray who are they that are gone Arm in Arm croſs the Court without ſaying any thing? They are very intimate, tho' there ſeems to be a prodigious Diſparity between them.

For. *Trut*—The one is a Smugler, and the other a noble Lord ——— Oh —— here the Smugler returns.

Re-enter Smugler.

Smug. I have the Honour, you ſee, Madam, to keep my Betters Company, as the Saying is —— The noble Lord you juſt ſaw paſs, is my very good Friend, and does me all the good Offices in his Power, I'll ſay that for him, in Time of Need; but notwithſtanding I loſe a great deal of Time and Money as often as I am taken: I therefore humbly entreat your Ladyſhip will be pleaſed likewiſe to grant me your Protection, ſo as I may not fall into the Hands of thoſe plaguy Rogues, the Cuſtom-Houſe Officers, but that I may follow the free Exerciſe of my Vocation without Lett, or Danger.

Curi. Pray, Sir, for theſe extraordinary Marks of Favour ſhewn you by his Lordſhip, what can a Perſon in your infamous Station of Life, be ſuppoſed to do to merit them?

Smug. Do, Madam! — yes, Madam, infamous as I am, I can do —— Elections for that —— And then, there's the Family Eſtate —— what wou'd it be but for ſuch infamous People, as you are pleaſed to call your humble Servant? —— You ſee, Madam, I can do!

For. Ay — ay — ſo you can, Mr. *Contraband* —— Let my Lord know, for his Sake, I will have the Smugling Intereſt at Heart, and that better Fate ſhall attend your laudable Endeavours for the future, maugre Fair Trade, Laws, Cuſtom-Houſe Officers, or Soldiers.

Smug.

Smug. Ten thouſand Thanks to your Ladyſhip——And I hope too you will accept of the Gratitude of a Smugler (for Smuglers, Madam, have Gratitude) any of your Ladyſhip's Friends ſhall be welcome to an Anchor of *Nantz*, or a Caniſter of *Hyſon* at any Time——Your Ladyſhip's highly obliged. [*Exit* Smug.

Enter FAVOR.

For. Well, Cozen——what News from without?

Fav. In the firſt Place, I have been almoſt plagued to Death with that white-liver'd, fawning, infamous Fellow, *Trickland*; that Forger of Wills and Settlements, who not only is a Perjurer himſelf, but likewiſe a Tutor of Perjury to others; ſeducing even Children, and any poor ignorant Creature he meets with, to be guilty of that black Crime, in order to ſupport his villainous Practices——It ſeems he is hard put to it, with all his Knights of the Poſt, for forging old *Gripe*'s Will, to the Prejudice of his almoſt ſtarving Relations, among which is an own Daughter, as well as a Siſter—Even this Betrayer of Society has had the Impudence to clamour loudly for your Protection to ſkreen him from the Puniſhment his dark Doings deſerve; but I told him I knew it was in vain, and that you wou'd leave him to the Laws; upon which he went trembling away, with all the Tokens of Coward Guilt in Looks, and Voice.

For. I'm glad, Cozen, you anſwer'd him as you did——Forgery and Perjury are Offences of ſuch a deep Dye, as never to be countenanced, or forgiven——Are there any more that are Suiters to us?

Fav. So many, Madam, I'm afraid you will never be able to give them all Audience.

For. Who are they?

Fav. Yonder's a Gameſter ſtamping and tearing himſelf, curſing his Stars, and uttering horrid Imprecations againſt your Ladyſhip for his ill Luck. Juſt by him is an Author, unhappy in his Productions, giving him good Advice to no Purpoſe: And next to him is his Bookſeller, complaining of printing his Works till he's ruin'd. Oppoſite to theſe,

you

you have a Cluſter of poor Lords and Baronets, intreating your Favour to dignify ſome rich Maid, or Widow: And a little farther, a Privateer's Crew praying for a lucky Cruiſe; with a Number of Merchants, requeſting a brave Convoy: And behind them again, a Poſſee of Footmen, exclaiming at your partial Preference to the *French* Brethren of the Cloth—Then in another Part, there is *Comedy* in the Perſon of *Garrick*, flouting at the Opera, who is very much down in the Mouth, ſaying, if you don't quickly interpoſe in her Behalf, ſhe ſhall be obliged to return a broken Merchant to *Italy*. Juſt behind theſe again, is Mr. *Rich*, not come to ask any new Favour (which is odd enough) but to thank you for thoſe already conferred on him this Seaſon, which is no leſs odd again, as you ſeldom meet with ſuch grateful Returns: And among the thickeſt is *Democritus Modernus*, laughing at them and you, according to Cuſtom.

For. I own he is the only one, that has found the way to triumph over me: If I throw him into a Jail, ſtill he laughs at me: If I burn him out by Fire, ſtill he laughs at me: If I give him a bad Wife, ſtill he laughs at me: If I tantaliſe him with the flattering Proſpect of more Happineſs, and juſt when he thinks himſelf certain of the Enjoyment, if then I diſappoint him, he ſtill laughs on: In a word, whatever Calamity I ſend him, he has the happy Secret to baffle the Evil, by his facetious manner of bearing it——— Are there any more?

Fav. Oh, yes, Madam—There's a Parcel of poor old Maids, and young ones, complaining bitterly of your Neglect. They both want ſadly to be of uſe in their Generation, and ſay it's entirely owing to you they are not; for that you know very well the Men are grown ſo mercenary, they will not look upon them without Money. They humbly entreat therefore, that you will be graciouſly pleaſed to take their moſt deplorable Situation into your generous Conſideration—The old Maids indeed, inſiſt upon being favour'd firſt, alledging that the Youth and Beauty of the young ones ought of themſelves to be ſufficient; but theſe again urge, that where Poverty is join'd, they ſtand in as much need of your Aſſiſtance to the full, as the old ones.

For. Give ten Thouſand Pounds a piece to the old Maids, and two Thouſand to the young ones—Who are there elſe?

Fav. There's a young Virgin, that wants to ſell her Virtue, and begs your Intereſt to carry it to the beſt Market.

—*For.* Let her throw herſelf in the Way of Lord *Fondle-Girl*, from whom ſhe may eaſily have a good Settlement for Life———What more?

Fav. There are ſeveral of the Houſhold Servants, repreſenting that they and their Families are almoſt ſtarving, and imploring your Interpoſition in their Favour with the *Britiſh* Parliament.

For. Let Five hundred Thouſand Pounds be granted to his Majeſty for the Deficiencies in his Civil Liſt, and then I'll take care to order ſome other Scheme for paying off the Arrears due to the Houſhold, to leave his Majeſty at Liberty to apply the Five hundred Thouſand Pounds to the Purpoſes he ſhall in his great Wiſdom judge proper——Who are the reſt?

For. They conſiſt of Pimps, Bawds, and Flatterers, deſiring you wou'd recommend them to ſuch Kings, Princes, great Lords and Ladies, as may have immediate Occaſion for their Services.

For. By all means—I muſt not neglect them—they are my Favorites—Do you therefore, Cozen, ſee, and accommodate them in the beſt manner. [*Exit* FAVOR.

Well, Madam, has any thing you have ſeen afforded you any Diverſion?

Curi. Infinite, I aſſure your Ladyſhip, and hope it does not end here.

For. No, Madam—only we will diverſify the Scene a little. After ſome Refreſhment, we will repair to my Temple, and there you ſhall ſee ſome Contraſts, that happen every Day in Life, and in which I take great Delight——Pleaſe to walk this Way. [*Exeunt* Fortune *and* Curioſity.

Od. This Scene, Gentlemen, I confeſs has been ſomewhat of the longeſt, and I'm afraid has tried your Patience.

Temp. Not at all—I don't ſee how it cou'd be avoided.

Stap. Nor I—unleſs you wou'd have diſpatched the Suiters

to

to *Fortune* with as much Facility as a Miniſter of State does his Levee.

Od. That Compariſon makes me a good deal more reconcil'd with it than I was.—Come—come—change the Scene, and let us ſee what Meaſures Mr. *Merit* will take in this Criſis of his Affairs.

SCENE *changes to a Room.*

Enter MERIT, *meeting* REASON *and* JUSTICE.

Mer. Well, my good Friends—what Anſwer from my fickle Miſtreſs?

Rea. As good a one as your Heart can wiſh.

Juſ. And as deciſive.

Mer. You alarm me—as how?

Rea. She ſays, the Moment you know her better, ſhe will ceaſe to be cruel.

Mer. Know her better! myſterious.

Rea. Not at all——

Mer. Pray, explain.

Rea. Why, ſhe has treated you ill, becauſe you have been too baſhful, whereas the Moment you become more daring, ſhe promiſes to grow more kind—That's all.

Mer. Right—you have hit it—Now you remind me, ſhe only favours the Bold—I'll this Inſtant change my Method of Attack——

And ſince the modeſt Lover fails to move,
By manly Boldneſs I will ſtorm her Love.

[*Exeunt.*

Od. That's ſaying ſomething to the Purpoſe ——— But come—change the Scene to *Fortune*'s Temple, where I propoſe to make my Cataſtrophe.

SCENE *changes to* Fortune's *Temple.*

——— *Enter* LUCKLESS.

Luck. What an unfortunate Planet muſt a Man be born under, whoſe whole Life has been a Series of Mortification and Diſappointment! From my greener to my greyer Years, ever to have been in Difficulties, often in Diſtreſs,

and to have been continually unſucceſsful, has been the conſtant Severity of my Lot! And yet have I been as induſtrious as others, as honeſt as others, and perhaps as deſerving as others — Oh, why has Fortune been ſo inexorably cruel to me! But now, no Thanks to her, my Wretchedneſs is drawing to a Period: She has perſecuted me ſo long, till I have neither Friend, Money, nor Credit left; till I am grown a Burthen to myſelf, as well as the World, and ſhe drives me to ſeek kinder Uſage in this Dagger — yes — this Dagger, in ſpite of her, ſends me beyond the Reach of her keeneſt Malice — Hah! what means this ſudden Revolt in Nature! Say, what ſhou'd hinder? Is it permitted to lop a uſeleſs Member, and can it be a Crime to die when the whole Trunk is become ſo? — It is reſolv'd — Let me profane her Temple with my Blood. [*Going to ſtab himſelf.*

Enter FORTUNE *and* CURIOSITY.

For. Hold, Mr. *Luckleſs* — forbear all Deſperation — Compaſſion has at laſt conquer'd my Averſion, and at her Interceſſion I have prevail'd on Death to ſnatch off about a Couple of Dozen, that ſtood between you and a large Eſtate, of which you are now become the unconteſted Heir.

Luck. What means my Lady *Fortune?* ſtill to tantalize me with the pleaſing Proſpect of ſome promiſed Good, only to make my Miſery the greater in the Diſappointment?

For. No—I no longer ſport with your Misfortunes—Go—claim, and enter the Poſſeſſion of your Right—and may you live long t'enjoy the newly-fallen Proſperity.

Luck. Am I then preſerv'd to taſte of happier Hours! How admirable are all your Ways! and how do I bluſh at the Raſhneſs of my late Reſolve! cowardly Reſolve! Hence let me learn, that a patient Acquieſcence under the Decrees of Fate, is not only a favorite Virtue with the Gods, but likewiſe the only Means to blunt the Edge of Misfortune, and bring one in the End to ſome unexpected Bleſſing — Oh, pardon the many foul Imprecations I have loaded your Name with, and know me henceforward for your Ladyſhip's better-inform'd, and moſt grateful, humble Servant.

[*Exit* Luckleſs.

Curi.

Curi. I muſt ſay Mr. *Luckleſs* deſerves his better Fortune, if it were only for the ſenſible Reflection he has made upon it—But pray what Crowd have we here?

For. 'Tis the Prime Miniſter of *Lutetia*, a Perſon of but very moderate Parts, and indebted to me for his Elevation—See—he comes pompouſly attended by the Creatures of his Proſperity, the vulgar Mob hiſſing him as he goes along.

Enter Prime Miniſter, *attended.*

(*Mob hiſſing.*)

Creatures. Power and Proſperity to the noble *Hellipolis*, and Confuſion to your Enemies.

Prime. Let the Wretches hiſs on, my Friends—While you, Lady *Fortune*, are my kind Protectreſs, I ſhall ſcorn their idle Mouthings. [*Mob hiſs.*

For. Hark you—you Gentlemen of the Rabble Generation, know, we are not diſpoſed at preſent to be diſturbed with your Adder-like Muſick—ſo take yourſelves away.

1ſt Mob. A Pox on *Fortune*, ſay I.

Mob. A Pox on *Fortune*, ſay we all. [*Exit Mob.*

Curi. When I hear the Mob hiſs, my Lord, I look upon it as the ungrateful Echo of a diſcontented People—Pray what may have drawn their Odium upon your Lordſhip?

Prime. The uſual Subject, Madam—Debts and Taxes; which however, are as neceſſary Evacuations to the Body Politick, as Bleeding and Purging is to the Natural Body.

Curi. Very true, my Lord—and I don't doubt, but, like ſome Phyſicians, you bleed and purge away till the Conſtitution ſtaggers again.

Prime. A Government, Madam, muſt have Money at any Rate—How ſhou'd the Publick Buſineſs be carry'd on? How ſhou'd a Prime Miniſter be able to give Gratuities and Penſions? In a word, how ſhou'd he preſerve a Majority without it?

Curi. At that Rate of Governing, I do not wonder, that the People murmur at your Adminiſtration.

Prime. There ever will be Murmurers, Madam—Murmurers in a State are like the *Hydra*: One is no ſooner taken off than another ſprings up—But I deſpiſe them, and their Complaints.

Curi. Well—after all—you Prime Miniſters have tottering Situations of it—Your Syſtem, I find, is Corruption—— In That you place your Safety—— But I wiſh you do not build on a rotten Foundation.

Prime. I have the Honour to tell you, Madam, that Corruption to a State is like Seed to the Earth: It multiplies to the Emolument of the Corrupter; and while I have Money to work upon the Avarice of Mankind, I ſhall think myſelf as firm as a Rock.

For. Hold, hold, my Lord—be not too ſecure of your ſelf—Behold the Uncertainty of human Policy! 'Tis not in the Power of Money to protect you from your approaching Fall.

Creatures. Approaching Fall! [*Looking aghaſt.*

Curi. See into what a Pannick your Ladyſhip has ſtruck the Followers of his Proſperity! I'll lay my Life they will all deſert him.

Enter Officer *and* Mob.

Mob. Down with *Hellipolis*—down with him, we ſay, one and all.

Offi. I arreſt you, *Hellipolis*, in the Name of the Commons of *Lutetia*, of High Crimes and Miſdemeanours, and by Virtue of this Warrant, you are my Priſoner.

1ſt Creat. You ſee his Power is gone—will you ſtand by him?

2d Creat. Not I.

3d Creat. Nor I.

4th Creat. Nor I. [*Creatures ſneak off.*

Prime. How's this! where are all my Friends?

Off. They have deſerted you—a Thing very common in your Circumſtances—In this you only ſhare the Fate of all your Brother Prime Miniſters in Diſgrace.

Prime. Dear Lady *Fortune*, thus proſtrate at your Feet, let me conjure you, ſhield me!

For. 'Tis in vain—Officer, do your Duty, and purſue him to the Block.

Off. Come, my Lord.

Prime. Gentlemen—— [*Cringing to the Mob.*

1ſt Mob. See, how he changes his Note!

2d Mob. Ay—now he can Gentleman us.

3d Mob.

3d Mob. No palavering, I ſay.

1ſt Mob. No, no, no palavering.

All. Away with him—Juſtice—away with him.

Exit Officer, with Prime Miniſter, and Mob hiſſing.

Curi. Your Ladyſhip has given a lively Picture of a hated Prime Miniſter, I muſt own —— But heyday! what whimſical Contraſt have we here?

[*Two Perſons croſs the Stage, one with a Crown on his Head, and the other with a Halter about his Neck.*]

Pray, Madam, who is that with the Crown on his Head?

For. A notorious Murderer, whom I have juſt raiſed to the Diadem.

Curi. And who is the other, with the Halter about his Neck?

For. Another notorious Murderer, Madam, who is under Sentence to be hang'd.

Curi. A moſt pleaſant Retribution! You reward with a Crown, or a Halter, one and the ſame Crime.

For. Nothing more common with me.

Enter Madman.

Mad. Make way there—have a care — Like a Pot I boil over with Grandeur —— I'd have you to know, I have my Equipage waiting—and I have my Parks, and my Country-Seats into the Bargain——How ſhall I contain myſelf! Oh, pretty, pretty, pretty—— [*Runs off.*

Curi. Poor Gentleman! who is he?

For. One whoſe Head is turn'd with too much good Fortune.

Curi. Well, but have you any more Contraſts?

For. Yes, Madam, I can oblige you with a few odd Marriages, juſt coming from *Hymen*'s Temple.

Footman and young Lady croſs the Stage.

Curi. How call you that Couple?

For. A Footman juſt run away with his Lord's Daughter.

Young Lord and Chambermaid croſs the Stage.

There goes my young Lord juſt tack'd to the Chambermaid

maid — and here comes the Union of the two Extremes in Wedlock of both Sexes.

Lady Wrinkle *and* Narciſſus *croſs the Stage.*

That is Lady *Wrinkle* and *Narciſſus.*

Dotage *and* Hebe *croſs the Stage.*

And that is *Dotage* and Miſs *Hebe.*

Curi. What decrepid Contrarieties!

For. Ay, you ſee, Madam, how I divert myſelf with Mankind——Heyday! what new Viſiter have we here? Mr. *Merit*, I vow, dreſs'd *a la mode*——He ſeems determin'd to carry me; and I proteſt my Heart begins to flutter already by way of Signal to a Surrender.

Enter MERIT, REASON, *and* JUSTICE.

Mer. No more with modeſt Diffidence, and humble Diſtance will I approach my wavering Deity, but with gay Attire more boldly try to fix her mine for ever.

For. Who's this? Mr. *Merit?* Upon my Word I did not expect to hear ſuch Language from your once baſhful Mouth.

Mer. Too long you've heard it——'tis now high time to ſpeak a different one——Yes—let me henceforward caſt off the timid Accent, and the downcaſt Look (the unpropitious Attendants of too baſhful Love) and with more manly Confidence aſſail your Heart.

For. Pray, Sir, no more——You grow a dangerous Lover.

Mer. Come, come, Madam—I'm not in the Humour to be trifled with any longer—Evaſion—Artifice—Entreaty—Reſiſtance—all is vain——I'm determin'd to make this Viſit a deciſive one.

For. Bleſs me, how big the Man talks! Why, you are determin'd, I ſuppoſe, to carry one whether one will or no?

Mer. If a rational manly Boldneſs can do it, I will.

For. I cannot ſay but a rational manly Boldneſs in Seaſon is what I like well enough, as much as I deteſt a ſtupid Effrontery, without the leaſt Regard to any Seaſon, Place, or Perſon.

Mer.

Mer. Your Diſtinction is extremely juſt ——Since then I have removed the only Objection you had to my Paſſion, do not you, on your Part, over-act the Woman, by conjuring up ſome over-nice Scruple out of Seaſon, to protract my Happineſs.

For. I grant, an over-great Nicety in one Sex, is as bad as an over-great Baſhfulneſs in the other. Since then you have found the right Way to my Heart, in Conſideration of that dear Quality in you, I ſhall not heſitate to make you a frank Declaration, that it ſhall not be my Fault if your Happineſs is not completed in the ſhort Space of twenty-four Hours.

Mer. Who can be miſerable! ſince *Fortune*'s kind,
All my paſt Cares I give unto the Wind.

For. Hold—hold—I muſt tell you, that what I have done is no leſs in Compliment to *Reaſon* and *Juſtice*, both whoſe Pardons I entreat, for having alternately ridicul'd them.

Rea. We are oblig'd to your Ladyſhip for the Regard you ſhew us —— We always told Mr. *Merit*, he was only unhappy for not knowing better how to win you —— And now permit us to unite your Hands, till ſuch time they are more ſolemnly plighted in *Hymen*'s Temple.

[*Reaſon and Juſtice going to join their Hands.*

Od. Things being at a Criſis, the *Drama* now, Gentlemen, ſinks into private Converſation, and the Company quitting their fictitious, reſume their real Characters.

Lady Betty Rat. Hold— hold —— The Jeſt will be carry'd too far, my Lord—Here I am only acting a Part, and if I have not a Care, from an Allegorical Marriage, I ſhall be drawn in to commit a Real one.

Lord Hearty. Nay, Lady *Rattle*, you can't be off.

Lady Hearty. I proteſt you muſt not —— Sir *William* deſerves every thing from you, nor can you too ſoon reward his long and faithful Services.

Miſs Quere. Look you, we'll all teaze you to Death if you don't, my Dear.

Lady Betty Rat. Mr. *Stanza*, I don't thank you for this Contrivance.

Mr. Stanza. I flatter myſelf, Madam, you won't ſpoil the Cataſtrophe of my Piece, by an over-nice Scruple out of Seaſon;

for

for that, you know, were as bad as an over-great Baſhfulneſs in the other Sex.

Lady Betty Rat. Go—you ſpiteful, witty Thing——Now am I horribly afraid you'll make me grant a Thing a full Twelve-month at leaſt ſooner than I intended.

Mr. Stanza. I ſhall glory to be the happy Inſtrument.

Lady Betty Rat. But, Sir *William*—can you really forgive all the Pranks I have play'd you, not as Lady *Fortune*, but my real ſelf?

Sir Will. I ſhall think myſelf overpay'd in the Poſſeſſion of your Hand.

Lady Betty Rat. Then there it is—and make the moſt of it.

Sir Will. This is an Event as unexpected as the Contrivance is ingenious, and my future Actions can only ſpeak the Senſe I have of the happy Succeſs of it.

Lord Hearty. Joy—Joy to ye both——I ſhall expect you to celebrate your Nuptials at *Caſtle Briton*, which will furniſh out freſh Matter of Entertainment in ſome diverting Interlude, by way of *Epithalamium*.

Sir William. } Your Lordſhip does us too much Honour.
L. Bet. Rat. }

Lord Hearty. In the mean time, what is the Reaſon, Mr. *Stanza*, there is no Moral to your Play?

Mr. Stanza. I proteſt, my Lord, I had quite forgot that.

Lord Hearty. Well then, to puniſh you for your Neglect, I inſiſt upon your making one extempore.

All. Ay, ay, an extempore one——an extempore one.

Stanza. I'll do my beſt, my Lord——Let me ſee——Oh——I have hit upon ſomething like one——

That Earthly Bliſs comes neareſt the Divine,
Where Fortune, Love, and Merit, all combine;
And that if Merit long feels Fortune's Frown,
'Tis not the Fault of Fortune——but its own.

FINIS.

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